



THE RONDELAY.—J. SEY-MOUR LUCAS, R.A.

Never better than a good picture



THE LATE MRS. MCKINLEY,
Widow of the late President McKinley.

CUPID'S FOE.

Little love Cupid, tell me, I pray,
 Why don't you think of a new game to
 play?
 Though hearts are your playthings, like all
 little boys,
 You end very often by breaking your toys!

Who can be safe from the arrows that fly?
 What is the armour that's proof to defy?
 Poverty, riches, and age are no shield,
 Even philosophers fall in the field.

Cupid draw near and I'll whisper it low,
 Bend down your ear if a secret you'd know;
 The reason your arrows can do me no hurt,
 Is—I've no heart to hit—I am only a flirt!
 Cecil Verne.